

AT J. G. Bennett & Co.'s

FUR SALE

Next week, the following fine articles will be shown in abundance:



SEAL JACKETS, \$50 to \$250.
SEAL CAPES, \$200 to \$250.
TABASCO SEAL JACKETS, \$50 to \$100.
PERSIAN JACKETS, \$150 to \$200.
ASTRACHAN JACKETS, \$50 to \$70.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT WILL BE MADE TO CASH BUYERS.



TABASCO SEAL CAPES, \$50 to \$75.
MARTEN CAPES, \$75 to \$100.
MINK CAPES, \$75 to \$150.

IT WILL PAY CASH BUYERS TO CALL ON US NEXT WEEK.



MINK COLLARETTES, \$50.
TABASCO COLLARETTES, \$25 to \$50.
PERSIAN COLLARETTES, \$50 to \$75.
SCARFS, with Tails, \$12 to \$30.

READ THE LINES BELOW, IT MEANS MORE THAN CASH.

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READ—As your city ordinance forbids us going to see you, we will invite you to come to us, and in addition to the cash discount, your fare will be deducted off any reasonable purchase made from us during this sale.

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FURRIERS.

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COAL.

W. H. FEE.

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East End of Seventeenth Street,

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All orders promptly attended to.

Have You Seen

HOW BRIGADIER PLAYED FOR A KINGDOM.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(Copyright, 1895.)

SYNOPSIS.

(After the disastrous retreat of the Army of Napoleon from Moscow, Brigadier Gerard was sent through German territory, nominally friendly, but really ripe for revolt, to raise troops in France. On his way he had observed with some dismay the black looks of the hostile peasants, who in one place drank a mysterious toast to the letter T. A little later he was warned of his peril by a terror-stricken man hidden by him roadside. "It means death to me if I am seen helping you," the man had said.

"Death! From whom?" asked the brigadier.)

CHAPTER II.

"From the Tugendbund. From Lutnow's night-riders. You Frenchmen are living on a powder magazine, and the match has been struck which will fire it."

"But this is all strange to me," I said, still fumbling at the leathers of my horse. "What is this Tugendbund?"

"It is the secret society which has planned the great rising which is to drive you out of Germany, just as you have been driven out of Russia."

"And these T's stand for?"

"They are the signal. I should have told you all this in the village, but I dared not be seen speaking to you. I galloped through the woods to cut you off, and concealed both my horse and myself."

"I am very much indebted to you," said I, "and the more so as you are the only German that I have met to-day from whom I have had common civility."

"All that I possess I have gained through contracting for the French armies," said he. "Your emperor has been a good friend to me. But I beg that you will ride on now, for we have talked long enough. Beware only of Lutnow's night-riders!"

"Bandit!" I asked.

"All that is best in Germany," said he. "But for God's sake ride forward, for I have risked my life and exposed my good name in order to carry you this warning."

Well, if I had been heavy with thought before, you can think how I felt after my strange talk with the man among the fagots. What came home to me even more than his words was his shivering, broken voice, his twitching face and his eyes glancing swiftly to the right and left and opening in horror whenever a branch creaked upon a tree. It was clear that he was in the last extremity of terror, and it is possible that he had cause, for not long after I had left him I heard a distant gunshot and a shouting from somewhere behind me. It may have been some sportsman hallooing to his dogs, but I never again either heard or saw the man who had given me my warning.

I kept a good lookout after this, riding swiftly where the country was open and slowly where there might be an ambush. It was serious for me, since 500 good miles of German soil lay in front of me, but somehow I did not take it very much to heart, for the Germans had always seemed to me to be a kindly, gentle people, whose hand closed more readily around a pipestem than a swordhilt—not out of want of valor, you understand, but because they are genial, open souls, who would rather be on good terms with all men. I did not know then that beneath that homely surface there lurks a devilry as fierce and far more persistent than that of the Castilian or the Italian.

And it was not long before I had it shown to me that there was something more serious abroad than rough words and hard looks. I had come to a spot where the road runs upward through a wild tract of heatherland and vanished in an oak-wood. I may have been half way up the hill, when looking forward I saw something gleam under the shadow of the tree trunks, and a man came out with a coat that was so slashed and spangled with gold that he blazed like a fire in the sun.

He appeared to be very drunk, for he reeled and staggered as he came towards me. One of his hands was held up to his ear and clutched a great red handkerchief, which was fixed to his neck.

I had reined up my mare and was looking at him with some disgust, for it seemed strange to me that one who wore so gorgeous a uniform should show himself in such a state in broad daylight. For his part he looked hard in my direction and came slowly on, stopping from time to time and swaying about as he gazed at me. Suddenly, as I again advanced, he screamed out his thanks to Christ, and lurching forward, he fell with a crash upon the dusty road. His hands flew upward with the fall, and I saw that what I had taken for a red cloth was a monstrous wound, which had left a great gap in his neck, from which a dark bloodstained lump, like an epaulette, upon his shoulder.

"My God!" I cried, as I sprang to his aid, "and I thought you were drunk!"

"Not drunk, but dying," said he. "But oh! thank heaven that I have seen a French officer while I had still strength to speak!"

I laid him among the heather and poured some brandy down his throat. All around us was the vast country side, green and peaceful, with nothing

back, and he had gone as a brave soldier would wish to go.

Here was a fine start for my journey home. I was left with a commission of which I knew little, which would lead me to delay the pressing needs of my hussars, and which at the same time was of such importance that it was impossible for me to avoid it. I opened the marquis' tunic, the brilliance of which had been devised by the emperor in order to attract those young aristocrats from whom he hoped to raise these new regiments of his guard.

It was a small packet of papers which I drew out, tied up with silk and addressed to the prince of Saxe-Felstein. In the corner, in a sprawling, untidy hand, which I knew to be the emperor's own, was written "pressing and most important."

It was an order to me, those four words—an order as clear as if it had come straight from the firm lips, with the cold gray eyes looking into mine. My troops might wait for their horses, the dead marquis might lie where I had laid him amongst the heather, but if the mare and her rider had a breath left in them the papers should reach the prince that night.

I should not have feared to ride by the road through the wood, for I had learned in Spain that the safest time to pass through a guerilla country is after an outrage, and the moment of danger is when all is peaceful. When I came to look upon my map, however, I saw that Hof lay further to the south of me, and that I might reach it more directly by keeping to the moors. Off I set, therefore, and had not gone fifty yards before two carbine shots rang out of the brushwood and a bullet hummed past me like a bee. It was clear that the night riders were bolder in their ways than the brigands of

Spain, and that my mission would have ended where it had begun if I had kept to the road.

It was a mad race that, a ride with a loose rein, girth-deep in heather and in gorse, plunging through bushes, flying down hillsides, with my neck at the mercy of my dear little Violette. But she—she never slipped, she never faltered, as swift and as sure-footed as if she knew that her rider carried the fate of all Germany beneath the buttons of his pelisse. And I—I had long borne the name of being the best horseman in the six brigades of light cavalry, but I never rode as I rode then. My friend the Bart, had told me of how they hunt the fox in England, but the swiftest fox would have been captured by me that day.

The wild pigeons which flew overhead did not take a straighter course than Violette and I below. As an officer I have always been ready to sacrifice myself for my men, though the emperor would not have thanked me for it, for he had many men, but only one—well, cavalry leaders of the first-class are rare. But here I had an object which was indeed worth a sacrifice, and I thought no more of my life than of hiccups of earth that flew from my darling's heels.

We struck the road once more as the light was falling, and galloped into the little village of Lobenstein; but we had hardly got upon the cobblestones when off came one of the mare's shoes, and I had to lead her to the village smithy. His fire was low and his day's work done, so that it would be an hour at least before I could hope to push on to Hof. Cursing at the delay, I strode into the village inn and ordered a cold chicken and some wine to be served for my dinner. It was but a few miles to Hof, and I had every hope that I might deliver my papers to the prince on that very night, and be on my way for France next morning with dispatches for the emperor in my bosom. I will tell you now what befell me in the inn of Lobenstein.

The chicken had been served and the wine drawn, and I had turned upon both as a man may who has ridden such a ride, when I was aware of a murmur and a scuffling in the hall outside my door. At first I thought it was some brawl between some peasants in their cups and I left them to settle their own affairs. But of a sudden there broke from the low sullen growl of the voices such a sound as would send Etienne Gerard leaping from his death-bed. It was the whimpering cry of a woman in pain. Down clattered my knife and my fork, and in an instant I was in the thick of the crowd which had gathered outside of my door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

United States Court.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

MARTINSBURG, W. Va., Dec. 12.—William Maloy was convicted in the United States court here to-day of robbing the mails and was sentenced to jail at Keyes, for one year. He was carrier between Davis and Red Creek, about three years ago, when the offense was committed. Charles Ledan was convicted of retailing whiskey without a government license and was sentenced to jail for thirty days and fined \$100. H. C. Eye, Sylvester Carr, R. M. Harold, Peter Barrow, Fisher Carr and Y. Kertman and Jacob Everol were acquitted of a like charge.

Iron League Victorious.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—The strike of the house-smiths, which commenced on November 18, has terminated in a victory for the Iron League. An agreement has been signed by J. B. & J. N. Cornell & Co., and the United House-smiths and Bridgemen's Union, the latter retracting its demands for recognition by the Iron League, and an increase of 25 cents in the wage scale.

The terms of the agreement will not be made public.

THE BLAZED LIKE A FIRE IN THE SUNLIGHT, living in night save only the mutilated man beside me.

"Who has done this?" I asked, "and what are you? You are French and yet the uniform is strange to me."

"It is that of the emperor's new guard of honor. I am the marquis of Chateau St. Arnaud, and I am the ninth of my blood who have died in the service of France. I have been pursued and wounded by the night-riders of Lutnow, but I hid among the brushwood yonder and waited in the hope that a Frenchman might pass. I could not be sure at first that you were friend or foe, but I felt that death was very near, and that I must take the chance."

"Keep your heart up, comrade," said I. "I have seen a man with a worse wound who has lived to boast of it."

"No, no," he whispered, "I am going fast." He laid his hand upon mine as he spoke and I saw that his finger nails were already blue. "But I have papers here in my tunic which you must carry at once to the prince of Saxe-Felstein at his castle of Hof. He is still true to us, but the princess is our deadly enemy. She is trying to make him declare against us. If he does so it will determine all those who are wavering, for the king of Prussia is his uncle, and the king of Bavaria his cousin. These papers will hold him to us if they can only reach him before he takes the last step. Place them in his hands to-night and perhaps you will have saved all Germany for the emperor. If my horse has not been shot I might, wounded as I am," he choked and the cold hand tightened into a grip which left mine as bloodless as itself. Then with a groan his head fell

back, and he had gone as a brave soldier would wish to go.

Here was a fine start for my journey home. I was left with a commission of which I knew little, which would lead me to delay the pressing needs of my hussars, and which at the same time was of such importance that it was impossible for me to avoid it. I opened the marquis' tunic, the brilliance of which had been devised by the emperor in order to attract those young aristocrats from whom he hoped to raise these new regiments of his guard.

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A LIVING SHADOW.

From the Greenville, N. C., Reflector:

The following interview has just been given our reporter by Mr. G. A. Baker, the owner at the farm of Col. Isaac A. Suggs, of Greenville, N. C. It will interest anyone who has ever had typhoid fever. Mr. Baker said in part:

"I was living in Beaufort county, and on the 2d day of October, 1893, I was stricken down with typhoid fever. I had the best physicians to attend me and on the 15th day of January, 1894, I was allowed to get up. I was emaciated, weak and had no appetite. I could only drag along for a short distance and would be compelled to sit down and rest. This continued for some time and I began to give up hope of ever getting well. I last my position in Beaufort county and having secured one in Pitt county, clerking in a store, I undertook it, but was so weak I could not do the work and had to give it up. The disease was in my knees, legs and feet. I was taking first one kind of medicine and then another, but nothing did me any good. I was mighty low-spirited. I moved out to Colonel Suggs' about four or five months ago and commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took three a day for about three months. I began to regain my appetite in a week's time, and then my weakness began to disappear, and hope sprang up with a blessedness that is beyond all telling. At the expiration of the three months I was entirely cured and could take my axe and go in the woods and do as good a day's work as any man. I was troubled with dyspepsia and that has disappeared. It is also a splendid tonic for weak people. I say, Mr. Editor, God bless Dr. Williams, may he live for a long time. I know he will go up yonder to reap his reward, for he has done a wonderful lot of good. Tell everybody that asks you about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that if they will come to me I can certainly satisfy them as to their merits. I always carry a box of pills with me and when ever I feel bad I take one." We were forcibly struck with the earnestness of Mr. Baker, and his statements may be relied on.

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A Pure Fake.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12.—Senator Andrade, the Venezuelan minister to the United States, has received a cablegram from Caracas from his government entirely disavowing a publication in the London Times giving what purported to be an interview with President Crespo. No such statements, it was said, have ever been made by the government. The article quoted President Crespo as expressing a willingness to make reparation to Great Britain for the Uruan incident, which Lord Salisbury is endeavoring to separate from the long pending boundary dispute. The position of the Venezuelan government is, as has been stated frequently in Associated Press dispatches, that the Uruan incident and the boundary dispute are inseparable, the liability of the government for the Uruan affair being dependent upon whether or not it occurred on Venezuelan or British soil.

State Bank Tax to be Tested.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 12.—The Georgia legislature has opened the way for a test of the constitutionality of the 10 per cent tax on state bank notes. The Calvin banking act, passed at a former session, has been amended so that within a short time some public-spirited citizens of this state will establish a bank and issue notes for the express purpose of trying the state bank tax issue in the courts. Many able lawyers have given the subject close study, and are convinced that this tax is unconstitutional, and some of them will volunteer to defend in the courts an issue of state bank notes.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address:

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BARGAINS in Fine Plated Silverware at H. E. HILLMAN'S.

KRANICH & BACH UPRIGHT good as new for sale cheap.

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THE largest and cheapest line of Chamber Sets in the city.

JOHN FRIEDEL & CO.

One Minute Cough Cure is a popular remedy for croup. Safe for children and adults. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Benwood, and Bowle & Co., Bridgeport, O.

South and Southeast.

If you have any intention of going to the southeast this fall or winter, you should advise yourself of the best route from the north and west. This is the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, which running double daily trains from Cincinnati through to Nashville, Chattanooga, Birmingham, Atlanta, Montgomery, Thomasville, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Jacksonville and all Florida points. Pullman Sleeping Car Service through. Tourist rates to all points in Florida and Gulf Coast. For particulars as during the season. For particulars as during the season, write JACKSON SMITH, Div. Pass. Agent, Cincinnati, O.

C. P. ATMORE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky.

Nobody need have Neuralgia. Get Dr. Miller's Pain Pills from druggists. "One cent a dose."

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in four hours by NEW GENUINE RUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passage in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by R. H. List, druggist, Wheeling, W. Va.

FOR A limited time you will be able to obtain the New General Atlas of the World, with marginal index, offered by the Intelligencer in ten bound sections, at 10 cents per section. It will cost more than three times as much a year from now.

All pain banished by Dr. Miller's Pain Pills.

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CURES SCROFULA, BLOOD POISON.

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